THE PEEP O' DAY.

A SALT LAKE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

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MIRIAM ALROY

A TALE OF THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY.

BY B. DISRAELI, M. P., P. C.

CHAPTER III.

A convulsion of baffled rage remained for a moment on his countenance; for a moment he remained with his eager eyes fixed on the route of his vanished enemy, and then he walked slowly to within the tombs, but his excited temper was now little in unison with the still revery in which he had repaired to the sepulchre to indulge. He was restless and disquieted, and at length he wandered into the woods which rose on the summit of the burial place.

He found himself at length upon a brow, crested with young trees, in the midst of which rose a mighty cedar. He threw himself underneath its thick and shadowy branches, and looked upon a valley small and green; in the midst of which was a marble fountain, the richly carved cupola supported by twisted columns, and headed by a broad inscription in Hebrew characters. The bases of the white pillars were covered with wild flowers, or hidden by beds of variegated gourds. The transparent sunset flung over the whole scene a soft but brilliant light.

The tranquil hour, the beauteous scene, the sweetness and the stillness blending their odour and serenity, the gentle breeze that softly rose, and summoned forth the languid birds to cool their plumage in the twilight air, and wave their radiant wings in skies as bright—Ah! what stern spirit will not yield to the soft genius of subduing eve?

And Alroy gazed upon the beauteous loveliness of earth, and a tear stole down his haughty cheek.

"'Tis singular! but when I am thus alone at this still hour, I ever fancy I gaze upon the Land of Promise. And often in my dreams, some sunny spot, the bright memorial of a roving hour, will rise upon my sight, and when I awake, I feel as if I had been in Canaan. Why am I not? The caravan that bears my uncle's goods across the desert, would bear me too. But I rest here, my miserable life running to seed in the dull misery of this wretched city, and do nothing. Why! the old captivity was empire to our inglorious bondage. We have no Esther now to share their throne, no politic Mordecai, no purple-vested Daniel. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! I do believe one sight of thee would restore me to the sticking point. And yet to gaze upon thy fallen state—my uncle tells me that of the temple not a stone remains. 'Tis horrible. Is there no hope?"

"The bricks are fallen, but we will rebuild with marble; the sycamores are cut down, but we will replace them with cedars."

The chorus of our maidens, as they pay their evening visit to the fountain's side. The burden is prophetic.

"Hark again! How beautifully, upon the soft and flowing air, their sweet and mingled voices blend and float!"

"Yet again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O Virgin of Israel! Yet again shalt thou deck thyself with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dance of those that make merry. Yet again shalt thou plant vineyards on the mountains of Samaria."

"See! their white forms break through the sparkling foliage of the sunny shrubs as they descend, with measured step, that mild acclivity. A fair society in bright procession: each one clothed in solemn drapery, veiling her shadowy face with modest hand, and bearing on her graceful head a graceful vase. Their leader is my sister.

"And now they reach the fountain side, and dip their vases in the water, pure and beauteous as themselves. Some repose beneath the marble pillars; some, seated 'mid the flowers, gather sweets, and twine them into garlands; and that wild girl, now that the order's broke, touches with light fingers her moist vase, and showers starthing drops of glistening light on her serener sisters. Hark! again they sing."

"O vine of Sibmah! upon thy summer fruits, and upon thy vintage, a spoiler hath fallen!"

A scream, a shriek, a long wild shriek, confusion, flight, despair! Behold! from out the woods a turbaned man rushes, and seizes the leader of the chorus. Her companions fly on all sides, Miriam alone is left in the arms of Alschiroch.

The water column wildly raising, from the breast of summer ocean, in some warm tropic clime, when the sudden clouds too well discover, the holiday of heaven is over, and the shrieking sea-birds tell a time of fierce commotion, the column rising from the sea, it was not as wild as he—the young Alroy.

Pallid and mad, he swiftly upsprang, and he tore up a tree by its lusty roots, and down the declivity dashing with rapid leaps, panting and wild, he struck the ravisher on the temple with the mighty pine. Alschiroch fell lifeless on the sod, and Miriam fainting into her brother's arms.

And there he stood, fixed and immovable, gazing upon his sister's deathly face, and himself exhausted by passion and his exploit, supporting her cherished but senseless body.

One of the fugitive maidens appeared reconnoitering in the distance. When she observed her mistress in the arms of one of her own people, her courage revived, and desirous of rallying her scattered companions, she raised her voice and sang:

"Haste, daughters of Jerusalem, O! haste, for the Lord has avenged us, and the spoiler is spoiled."

And soon the verse was responded to from various quarters of the woods, and soon the virgins re-assembled singing:

"We come, O daughters of Jerusalem! we come; for the Lord has avenged us, and the spoiler is spoiled."

They gather round their mistress, and one loosened her veil, and another brought water from the fountain, and sprinkled her reviving countenance. And Miriam opened her eyes and said, "My brother!" And he answered, "I am here." And she replied in a low voice, "Fly, David, fly, for the man that you have stricken is a prince among the people."

"He will be merciful, my sister; and, doubtless, since he first erred, by this time he has forgotten my offence."

"Justice and mercy; O, my brother, what can those foul tyrants know of either! Already he has perhaps doomed you to some refined and procrastinated torture, already—Ah! what unutterable woe is mine—fly, my brother, fly!"

"*Fly, Fly, Fly!*"

"There is no fear, my Miriam; would all his accursed race could trouble us as little as their some-time ruler. See, he sleeps soundly. But his carcass shall not defile our fresh fountain, and our fragrant flowers. I'll stow it in the woods, and stroll here at night to listen to the jackals at their banquet."

"You speak wildly, David. What! No! It is impossible! He is not dead! You have not slain him! He sleeps—he is afraid. He mimics death that we may leave his side and he may rise again in safety. Girls, look to him. David, you do not answer. Brother, dear, dear, brother; surely he has swooned. I thought he had fled. Bear water, maidens, to that terrible man. I dare not look upon him."

"Away! I'll look upon him, and I'll triumph. Dead! Alschiroch dead! Why! but a moment since; this clotted carcass was a prince, my tyrant. So we can rid ourselves of them, eh? If the prince fall, why not the people? Dead, absolutely dead, and I his slayer. Hah!

at length I am a man. This, this indeed is life. Let me live slaying!"

"Wo! wo! our house is fallen! The wildness of his gestures frightens me. David, David, I pray thee cease. He hears me not, my voice, perchance, is thin. I'm very faint. Maidens, kneel to your prince, and soothe the madness of his passion."

"Sweet is the voice of a sister in the season of sorrow, and wise is the counsel of those who love us."

"Why, this is my Goliah! a pebble or a stick, it is the same. The Lord of Hosts is for us. Rightly am I called David."

"Deliver us from our enemies, O Lord! from those who rise up against us, and those who lie in wait for us."

"Were but this blow multiplied, were but the servants of my uncle's house to do the same, why, we should see again the days of Elah! The Philistine, the foul, lascivious, damnable Philistine; and he must touch my sister. O that all his tribe were here, all, all! I'd tie such firebrands to their foxes' tails, the blaze should light to freedom!"

While he spoke, a maiden, who had not rejoined the company, came running towards them very swiftly with an agitated countenance.

"Fly, Fly," she exclaimed; "they come, they come."

Miriam was reclining in an attendant's arms, feeble and faint, but the moment her quick ear caught those words, she sprang up and seized her brother's arm.

"Alroy! David, David, brother, brother, sweet brother. I beseech thee, listen—I am thy sister, thy Miriam, thy fond, beloved Miriam;—they come, they come, the hard-hearted, wicked men, they come, they come, to kill, perhaps to torture thee, my tender brother. Rouse thyself, David, rouse thyself from this wild, fierce dream: save thyself—fly."

"Ah! is it thou, Miriam? Be easy, love, thou seest he sleepeth soundly. I will collect my senses. I was dreaming of noble purposes and mighty hopes. 'Tis over now. I am myself again. What wouldst thou, my sweet treasure?"

"They come, the fierce retainers of this fallen man: they come to seize thee. Fly, David."

"And leave thee?"

"I and my maidens, we have yet time to escape by the private way we entered our uncle's garden. When in his house we are for a moment safe—as safe as our poor race can ever be. Bostenay is so rich, so wise, so prudent, so learned in man's ways, and knows so well the character and spirit of these men, all will go right: I fear nothing, nothing, nothing. But thou, if thou art here, or to be found, thy blood alone will satiate them. If they be persuaded that thou hast escaped, as I yet pray thou mayest, their late master here, whom they could scarcely love, why—give me thy arm an instant, sweet Berna, I am rather faint. So, that's well, I was saying, if well bribed, and they may have all my jewels, why, very soon, he will be as little in their memories, as he is now in life. I can scarcely speak—I feel my words wander, or seem to wander; I could swoon, but will not—nay! do not fear, my love, I will reach home. These maidens are my charge. 'Tis in these cries we should show the worth of royal blood. I'll see them safe—or die with them."

"O my sister, methinks I never knew I was a brother until this hour. My precious Miriam, what is life? what is revenge, or even fame and freedom, without thee? I'll stay."

"Sweet is the voice of a sister in the season of sorrow, and wise is the counsel of those who love us."

"Fly, David, fly."

"Fly whither, and how?"

The neigh of the horse sounded from the thicket.

"Ah! they come, they come!" exclaimed the destracted Miriam.

"All this has come upon us, O Lord, yet have we not forgotton thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant."

"Hark! again it neighs! It is a horse that calleth to its rider. I see it, I see it. Courage, Miriam! it is no enemy, but a very present friend in time of trouble. It is Alschiroch's courser. He passed me on it by the tomb ere sunset. I marked it well—a very princely steed."

"Behold, behold, a ram is caught in the thicket by his horns."

"Our God hath not forgotten us! Quick, maidens, bring forth the goodly steed. What! do you tremble? I'll be his groom."

"Nay! Miriam, beware, beware.' It is an untamed beast, wild as the whirlwind. Let me deal with him."

He ran after her, kissed her as he passed, dashed into the thicket, and brought forth the horse.

Short time I ween that stately steed had parted from his desert home: his haughty crest, his eye of fire, the glory of his snorting nostril, betokened well his concious pride and pure nobility of race. His color was like the sable night shining with a thousand stars, and he pawed the ground with his delicate hoof, like an eagle flapping its wing.

Alroy vaulted on his back, and reined him with a master's hand.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, "I feel more like a hero than a fugitive. Farewell, my sister, farewell, ye gentle maidens; fare ye well, and cherish my precious Miriam. One kiss, sweet sister," and he bent down and whispered, "Tell the good Bostenay not to spare his gold, love, for I have a deep persuasion, that ere a year shall roll its heavy course, I shall return, and make our masters here pay for this hurried ride and bitter parting. Now for the desert!"

PART II.

Speed, fleetly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desert's trackless way. Beneath thee is the boundless earth, above thee is the boundless heaven, an iron soil and brazen sky. Speed, swiftly speed, thou courser bold, and track the deserts trackless way!

Ah! dost thou deem these salty plains lead to thy Yemen's happy groves, and dost thou scent, on the hot breeze, the spicy breath of Araby? A sweet delusion, noble steed, for this briny wilderness leads not to the happy groves of Yemen, and the breath that thou scentest on the coming breeze is not the spicy breath of Araby.

The day has died, the stars have risen, with all the splendor of a desert sky, and now the night descending brings solace on her dewy wings, to the fainting form and pallid cheek of the youthful Hebrew prince.

Still the courser onward rushes, still his mighty heart supports him. Season and space, the glowing soil, the burning ray, yield to the tempest of his frame; the thunder of his nerves and lightning of his veins.

Food or water they have none. No genial fount, no grateful tree, rise with their pleasant company. Never a beast or a bird is there, in that hoary desert bare. Nothing breaks the almighty stillness. Even the jackal's felon cry, might seem a soothing melody. A gray wild rat, with snowy whiskers, out of a withered bramble stealing with a youthful snake in its ivory teeth, in the moonlight grins with glee. This is their sole society.

Morn comes, the fresh and fragrant morn, for which even the guilty sigh. Morn comes, and all is visible. And light falls like a signet on the earth, and its face is turned like wax with a seal. Before them, and also on their right, was the sandy desert; but in the night they had approached much nearer to the mountainous chain, which bounded the desert on the left, and whither Alroy had at first guided the steed.

The mountains were a chain of the mighty Elburz; and as the sun rose from behind a lofty peak, the horse suddenly stopped, and neighed as if asking for water. But Alroy, himself exhausted, could only soothe him with caresses. And the horse, full of courage, understood his master, and neighed again more cheerfully.

For an hour or two the prince and his faithful companion proceeded slowly; but as the day grew on, the heat became so oppressive, and the desire to drink so overwhelming, that Alroy again urged on the steed toward the mountains, where he knew that he should find a well. The courser dashed willingly forward, and seemed to share his master's desire to quit the arid and exhausting wilderness.

More than once the unhappy fugitive debated whether he should not allow himself to drop from his seat and die: no torture that awaited him at Hamadan, that did not seem preferable to the prolonged and inexpressible anguish that he now endured. As he rushed along, leaning on his bearer's neck, he perceived a patch of desert that seemed of darker colour than the surrounding sand. Here, he believed, might perhaps be found water. He tried to check the steed, but with difficulty he succeeded, and with still greater difficulty dismounted. He knelt down and freely raked up the sand with his hands. It was very moist. He nearly fainted over his fruitless labour. At length, when he had dug about a foot deep, there bubbled up some water. He dashed in his hand, but it was salt as the ocean. When the horse saw the water his ears rose, but when he smelt it, he turned away his head and neighed most piteously.

"Alas, poor beast!" exclaimed Alroy, "I am the occasion of thy sufferings, who would be a kind master to thee, if the world would let me. O that we were once more by my own fair fountain! The thought is madness. And Miriam too! I fear I am sadly tender hearted." He leaned against his horse's back with a feeling of utter exhaustion, and burst into histeric sobs.

And the steed softly moaned, and turned its head, and gently rubbed its face against his arm, as if to solace him in his suffering. And strange, but Alroy was relieved by having given way to his emotion, and charmed with the fondness of the faithful horse, he leaned down and took water, and threw it over his feet to cool them, and wiped the foam from his face, and washed it, and the horse again neighed.

And now Alroy tried to remount, but his strength failed him, and the horse immediately knelt down and received him. And the moment that the [illegible] was in his seat, the horse rose and proceeded at a rapid pace in the old di-

rection. Towards sunset they were within a few miles of the broken and rocky ground into which the mountains descended; and afar off Alroy recognized the cupola of the long expected well. With reanimated courage and rallied energies, he patted his courser's neck and pointed in the direction of the cupola, and the horse pricked up his ears, and increased its pace.

Just as the sun set, they reached the well. Alroy jumped off the horse, and would have led it to the fountain, but the animal would not advance. It stood dreadfully shivering with a glassy eye, and then it bowed its head, and with a groan fell down dead.

* * * * *

Night brings rest; night brings solace; rest to the weary; solace to the sad. And to the desperate night brings despair.

* * * * *

Morn breaks; a silver light is shed over the blue and starry sky. Pleasant to feel is the breath of dawn. Night brings repose, but day brings joy.

The carol of a lonely bird singing in the wilderness! A lonely bird that sings with glee! Sunny and sweet, and light and clear, its airy notes float through the sky, and thrill with innocent revelry.

The lonely youth on the lonely bird upgazes from the fountain side. High in the air it proudly floats, balancing its crimson wings, and its snowy tail, long, delicate and thin, shines like a sparkling meteor in the sun.

The carol of a lonely bird singing in the wilderness! Suddenly it downward dashes, and thrice with circling grace it flies around the head of the Hebrew prince. Then by his side it gently drops a bunch of fresh and fragrant dates.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone! that cheerful stranger, gone to the paltry land it loves; gone like a bright and pleasant dream. A moment since it was there, glancing in the sunny air, and now the sky is without a guest. Alas, alas! no more is heard, the carol of that lonely bird singing in the wilderness.

"As thou didst feed Elisha, so also hast thou fed me, God of my fathers!" And Alroy arose, and he took his turban and unfolded it, and knelt and prayed. And then he ate of the dates, and drank of the fountain, and full of confidence in the God of Israel, the descendant of David pursued his flight.

He now commenced the ascent of the mountainous chain, a wearisome and painful toil. Two hours past noon he reached the summit of the first ridge, and looked over a wild and chaotic waste full of precipices and ravines, and dark unfathomable gorges. The surrounding hills were ploughed in all directions by the courses of dried up cataracts, and here and there a few savage goats browsed on an occasional patch of lean and sour pasture. This waste extended for many miles; the distance formed by a more elevated range of mountains, and beyond these, high in the blue sky, rose the loftiest peaks of Elburz, shining with sharp glaciers of eternal snow.

It was apparent that Alroy was no stranger in the scene of his flight. He had never hesitated as to his course, and now, after having rested for a short time on the summit, he descended towards the left by a natural but intricate path, until his progress was arrested by a black ravine. Scarcely half a dozen yards divided him from the opposite precipice by which it was formed, but the gulf beneath—one dare could shoot a glance at its invisible termination without drawing back with a cold shudder.

The prince knelt down and examined the surrounding ground with great care. At length he raised a small square stone which covered a metallic plate, and taking from his vest a cornelian talisman covered with strange characters, he knocked thrice upon the plate with the signet. A low solemn murmur sounded around. Presently the plate flew off, and Alroy pulled forth several yards of an iron chain, which he threw over to the opposite precipice. The chain fastened without difficulty to the rock, and was evidently constrained by some magnetic influence. The prince, seizing the chain with both his hands, now swung across the ravine. As he landed, the chain parted from the rock, swiftly disappeared down the opposite aperture, and its covering closed with the same low, solemn murmur as before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A COOL EPISTLE.

The following epistle was received from within one hundred miles of Lehi. We have more regard for our correspondent than he has for himself, and have therefore suppressed his real name. We should have done the same for David Candland last week, had he sent his letter to us privately, but he took particular pains to give publicity to his own letter. Knowing well that we lived in the city, *he sent the letter through the public post to Camp Douglas*, first intending to publicly insult us and then the Camp. That it might insult fully and completely, he sent the letter, hoping that all might see it. When a man will write a letter calling a settlement of over five hundred persons by another name for hell, and then send that letter to that community—privacy after that is a burlesque and a sham. Furthermore, as Mr. Candland prepared his own letter for the press, actually marking which words were to be in capitals, and which in italics, as well as stiffly pointing the whole. We grant to all men a right to differ with us, but we cannot concede to them a right to insult or lecture us without notice:

OCTOBER 18th, 1864.

EDITORS OF PEEP O' DAY:

Gentlemen: Your letter of October date, in which you request me to act as agent for your new paper entitled the "Peep O' Day," arrived duly; also the first number of your magazine.

From the reading of your first number I discover, that you profess to be warmly devoted to the Mormon cause.

If I mistake not, at the last semi-annual Conference of the aforesaid body, I heard your name called in connection with a mission to the southern part of this Territory.

Now, sirs, if your devotion to Mormonism is as intense as you represent it, permit me to suggest the propriety of your filling the mission assigned you. Should you afterwards have time for the editorship of the PEEP O' DAY, I may consent to become your agent.

Respectfully,

CHAS. BROWN.

We present Mr. Charles Brown a letter entire, the writer has, however, omitted a necessary intimation, he should have added after his name—President of the Church of Latter Day Saints. This, however, is simply an omission, as from his style and language he evidently holds no less a position.

We beg then to say to PRESIDENT Brown that at the last General Conference we were "called on a mission to the southern part of this Territory," we were not, however, called upon to give up all business here, anymore than any other person named—*at least we were not until Mr. Brown's letter arrived*—but we were called upon to assist in the development of the southern country "by our means," which we most certainly intend to do. We should have sent an intimation of this determination before, only we did not know till now, that the Presidency of the Church had removed towards Lehi! We will make an application of Mr. Brown's letter to the distinguished personages called, like ourselves, to the "cotton country."

October 1864.

Gentlemen: I have heard with surprise that you intend to carry on your usual business operations in the north.

I have discovered that you profess to be warmly attached to the Mormon cause.

If I mistake not, at the last semi-annual Conference of the aforesaid body, I heard your names called in connexion with a mission to the southern part of this Territory.

Now, sirs, if your devotion to Mormonism is as intense as you represent it, permit me to suggest the propriety of your filling that mission.

Should you afterwards have time to attend to business in the north, I may consent to give you my distinguished patronage.

Respectfully,

CHAS. BROWN.

Since writing the above, we have discovered that Mr. Brown holds a public position in his neighborhood. Permit us to suggest the propriety of his filling THAT "mission", before he proceeds further. "Should he afterwards have time" to attend to our affairs—as he seems eminently adapted for minding other people's business—we will avail ourselves of his services.

Science and Art.

WHY A LAMP WICK DOES NOT BURN.—If we take a piece of wick and place it in the flame of a lamp it is immediately consumed, but the same kind of wich placed in the lamp and lighted at the top, lasts the whole evening, and if the lamp is supplied with alcohol the wick is not even charred. The cause of this was a perfect mystery until a hundred years ago, when Dr. Black, of Glasgow, discovered that principle of latent heat. As the oil or the alcohol comes near the flame it is evaporated, and by this change in its form a large quantity of heat is destroyed, or rather is rendered latent, so that it does not manifest itself in any way. It requires a great quantity of heat to change a liquid into vapour, so that evaporation always cools surrounding objects. The wick is coolda by the evaporation of the oil or alcohol below the temperature at which it will combine with oxygen: in other words, below the temperature at which it will burn.

An enterprise has lately been set on foot in France for the manufacture of guano from fishes. The refuse from fisheries has been for some time past employed in this manner; but it is now proposed to organize fisheries for the purpose of manufacturing the article, which possesses several advantages, decomposing neither too quickly nor too slowly, and exhaling no ammonia.

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

EPITOME OF THE D'LACY HISTORY.

The D'Lacys were one of the oldest and noblest families in England, of high Norman descent; and, as usual with the various branches of that stock of warrior chiefs who came over with William the Conqueror, they had ever been distinguished for pride of family.

The D'Lacys had not been without their bad representatives, but the majority had been of the quality of Lord Frederick—the Dying Traveler of our first chapter. Of course, the difference of ages reflected in the more modern representatives of their house, a softer texture of character, and a higher polish, than found in the warlike founders of their race. They were exceedingly jealous of their personal and family honor, and particular about sustaining the irreproachable character which the D'Lacys bore.

The grandfather of Lord Frederick considered it a sacred duty, which he owed both to his ancestors and descendants, to sustain the magnificence of their house. To do this, the nobleman considered his income not too large; and, had it been ten times as much, he would have felt bound in honor to have exhausted it to the glorification of the D'Lacy name. But, in justice to the old lord, it must be said that he considered a D'Lacy in honor bound to appropriate no inconsiderable portion of his income to the well-being of his tenantry and preserving and improving his family domains.

Had the grandfather of Lord Frederick gone no farther than the annual exhaustion of his annual income, the ruin which afterwards befell his house had not been invoked; but it was the too princely magnificence with which the old lord sustained the glory of his race and name which left the D'Lacy estates involved, at his death, under mortgage to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds.

Lord Reginald, his son, as little understood retrenchment as his father; for the very necessity of retrenchment was quite a new idea to the D'Lacys, and though Lord Reginald yearly paid the interest of the mortgage, which to him was very great retrenchment, he paid not a farthing of the principal debt.

Matters, however, went well enough until young Frederick, his son, reached the age of fifteen, when a train of circumstances occurred, which first pointed to the black looming clouds gathering over the D'Lacy house. The firm which held the mortgage of the estates became bankrupt, and the mortgage was required to be taken up. This put Lord Reginald to his wits' end; but, at the very crisis of his embarrassment, there came one to his help, whom it would have been better had he never seen.

At the date of Lord Reginald's difficulties, General Blakely had just returned from India. The history of this personage, who became so vitally connected with the ruin of the D'Lacys, is briefly as follows:

The General was by birth a plebeian. His father, a clerk of a large London banking company, was sent by the firm to India, at a time when it was beginning to be the *El Dorado* of the world. He was a sharp, industrious, money-scraping little man; and in a few years he became principal of a firm himself. He might not have been too strict in his principles, nor too scrupulous in his honesty; but this stood not in the way of his becoming immensely rich. His wife and son soon followed him to India, and, the former, dying in a year, left her husband free to marry the daughter of a poor general, in the service of the East India Company. When the son of the banker and money-lender reached maturity, his father obtained for him a commission in the East India service, and the young man became a military protegé of General Maitland, the poor father-in-law of the rich Simon Blakely.

Blakely, jun., was not without courage, though of plebeian origin; nor is this very remarkable, for the lower classes can fight as well as the "upper ten." In fact, pluck is quite a common quality of the Anglo Saxon race. There was no reason, therefore, why young Blakely, as an officer in the East India Company, should not distinguish himself, and in time, with the advantages of favor and wealth, become what he now was—himself a general.

After an absence of twenty-five years, General Blakely returned to his native land, which he left as a boy from the people; but now he was no longer one of the vulgar populace—he returned to enter the circles of the *elite* of the land, having the passport of high military rank, and the reputation of an Indian nabob.

Now the General rode a high hobby-horse. His ambition was to found a family; and he was in search of some broken-down noble house. The declining family of the D'Lacys threw into his hands the winning card of the stakes for which he played. His banker introduced him to Lord Reginald at the crisis of that nobleman's difficulties; and, though with much reluctance on the part of D'Lacy, a transfer of the mortgage was made to the wealthy General. Thus was farther paved the ruin of an ancient house.

From this, we pass along in the history of the D'Lacys until we find the son of Lord Reginald at Eton, the renowned school where are educated the scions of the best families of England. The "good Sir Richard," or Sir Richard Courtney, was an Etonion school-mate, and the earliest and dearest friend of young D'Lacy, whom our readers have been introduced to as Lord Frederick D'Lacy—"The Dying Traveler."

Richard Courtney was several years the elder, and was the senior of young D'Lacy at school. "Dick" and "Fred," as the boys familiarly called each other, were, from the first, on such terms of acquaintanceship as would exist between schoolmates and equals; but their strong and particular friendship began with the following episode of their school days, which also gave birth to special enmity in the breast of Herbert Blakely, against our favorite Fred.

Eton is celebrated for dashing fights among the boys, doubtless from the fact that the scholars are proud, high-spirited youths—scions of the proudest families in England. Many a general, statesman, and other noted characters, have made their *debut* upon the stage of public life by a fight at Eton; and, from such an event, have dated the special connections and life-friendships of many great men. Often have they become acquainted with each others qualities through a fight at school, and by a boy-like method of ready reckoning, learned better to appreciate each other from an Eton pugilistic fray than they would in after years, had they met for the first time, in some great national debate, in the House of Peers or the Commons of England. It was not strange then, that from an Eton fight dated the friendship of Sir Richard Courtney and Lord Frederick D'Lacy on one side, and on the other the vindictive hatred of the son of General Blakely against "Fred," which culminated in the ruin of his house.

Soon after "Fred" entered Eton, a feud grew up between him and young Herbert Blakely, the son of the wealthy General who now held the mortgage upon the D'Lacy estates. It could not however, be exactly termed a feud on the part of "Fred;" for there was in him none of the elements of an antagonistic spirit. He was merely a party in the feud in a negative sense.

Herbert Blakely was strong, tall, and heavily, though not badly made, and was the very fellow one would hit upon as the bully of the school—"the cock of the walk." His natural bodily advantages, and a fair share of Saxon pluck, fitted him, like his father, for a fighting man; and, as he was decidedly not an highly intellectual type of the human animal, he became more distinguished in those branches of an Etonion's education where physical prowess is in greater demand than brains, and the pugilistic hero superior to the intellectual gladiator.

Herbert Blakely, at Eton, was in daily association with youths in whose persons hereditary rank and honors were inheritances. Nearly all who are of plebeian origin, while they pretend to despise rank and titles, are particularly desirous to wear them; and so Herbert played aristocracy in his claims. He had no family hereditary titles, conferred by the Crown; but his father was a General, and the boy arrogated a kind of an hereditary right to the military title which his father had won. Over a certain class of Eton boys he assumed a kind of commander-in-chief-ship. Some he bowed to his authority because they feared to oppose him; and others allowed him to be their chief "man," because his father was rich, and he in receipt of a handsome allowance, while their fathers were not so favored of fortune. Thus it is, the strong command the weak—the rich the poor! Like his father, Herbert was known as "The General."

Young D'Lacy was just the kind of a boy who, in the opinion of the self-created general, ought to bow to his commander-ship. "Fred" was apparently slender, though his slimness was more in appearance than in fact, for, being tall of his age, he did not show to full advantage his naturally powerful frame; but Herbert was three inches taller, three years his senior and a "stone" heavier. "Fred" was a meek spirited youth, and young Blakely a self-sufficient overbearing fellow, who could not distinguish between meekness and timidity; but above all which, in Herbert's eyes, established his right to command "Fred" was the fact that the mortgage of the D'Lacy estates was in his father's iron chest.

Scarcely was Frederick D'Lacy initiated into Eton school, than Herbert Blakely commenced his assumption of right over him, but was surprised to find in the gentle youth a spirit of insubordination to his arrogance. This he attributed to the D'Lacy pride and notions of ancient family, etc., all of which he was determined to humble in the dust, before the greatness of his rising house. Hence commenced a series of persecutions from him against "Fred," which the latter resented merely by a quiet proud reserve, and by shunning all companionship with the plebeian boy Blakely.

There was another class of Eton boys who treated Herbert's leadership with hauteur and contempt, and who, in that,

had ironically given him the title of General. Among these, who were his match in age, size, and wealth, was young Richard Courtney, son of one of the richest baronets in England.

The Eton boys were playing a cricket match one day, and Herbert Blakely was at the wicket and young Courtney was bowling against him. Herbert in a cricket match was undoubtedly a leading man, as he was also in a boat race, or in any athletic game or exercise. In the noble game of cricket, he had but one equal in the school, and that was "Dick" Courtney, who was now bowling against him. "Dick" was a splendid bowler; and, in this, was more than the other's match, who depended upon himself more as a batsman. At this match it had so happened that Herbert had in the first innings been bowled out by "Dick," before he had made a run. Twice had Herbert in his second innings struck at and missed the ball, which each time passed the wicket making it fairly tremble. Evidently the batsman was nervous and thrown off his self-assurance. His reputation, as a first class player, was at stake; and the game was watched by both sides with more than common excitement. "Dick" entered into the antagonism with great zest, and displayed more than his usual coolness and skill. It could be easily seen that he was doing his best to bowl the other out a second time, if possible, without a run, while it was also evident that, from a loss of his usual assurance from his mishap in the first innings, Herbert was not himself in the game.

Away flew the ball for the third time, and smash went the wicket, while the batsman, more bewildered as he saw the force and directness of the ball, struck wildly and was again put out without a run. Many a man in the various games and battles of life have lost, not from the lack of skill, or courage, or power to win, but by losing confidence and coolness, through some bad hit. Herbert at the next match would, doubtless, have redeemed his reputation; and, as it was, most of the boys well appreciated the cause of his disadvantage, but the fellow, instead of accepting his defeat good naturedly, grew pale with rage and mortification, and swore that it was a foul ball and given before he was ready. The cricketers were excited, and of course divided, but young D'Lacy, who was umpire, being appealed to, ruled that the ball was fair, and that the batsman had given the sign of readiness.

"Liar," shouted young Blakely, his rage and mortification completely carrying him away. "You lying, aristocratic beggar!"

Fred turned haughtily upon his heels.

"What," the other continued, following him. "Will you dare to lord your threadbare Norman house over me? My father has the D'Lacy lands in his iron chest; and I will have them in my possession some day when, if I catch you trespassing but a foot, I will have you whipped from the estate as a beggar. Ha! ha! It would be rich to see a D'Lacy horse-whipped from the lands which for generations belonged to the beggars race! I'll do it by ——" he said, taking an oath too profane to write.

When the young ruffian called him liar, excepting in the flashing of his usually mild eye, and the proud curl of his lip, Fred answered not the insult, further than haughtily turning away; but when the other, following in savage triumph, threw at him the broken fortunes of his family, he turned and confronted his enemy. It could be seen that Fred was fearfully agitated and shamed by the allusion to the mortgage of his family estates to the wealthy general; but when the son of the man, who held the inheritance of his race in his iron chest, gloatingly anticipated the pleasure of having him horse-whipped from the D'Lacy lands, Fred impulsively sprang a step towards the insolent youth.

"Oh, Oh! you little bantam, shall I give you a foretaste of that whipping!"

"Shame!" cried the boys around, as the enraged Herbert gave the last insulting wound to young D'Lacy; and it could be seen by the threatening manner and warlike countenances, of those who felt themselves a match for Herbert, that champions were ready to step in to the defence of Fred. The proud boy, however, gave no sign of willingness to allow another to do battle for him. His face was very pale, and its expression stern and determined, more than one would have thought possible from his usual gentleness. Slowly walking up till he planted foot-to-foot with his antagonist, and looking him in the eye with scorn and a power that, but for his confidence in his own superior strength, would have made the other fear he had raised a lion, where he had expected a lamb, Fred interrogated with a quiet sternness that added fuel to his enemy's wrath:

"You would give me a foretaste, Herbert Blakely, I believe you said!"

"I did," answered Herbert, furiously, "and will also repeat my promise of the future horse-whipping, if you wish it."

"Dick" Courtney at this, stepped between the two antagonists, who seemed unequally matched, and haughtily and threateningly said:

"Herbert Blakely, you must answer to me for your cowardly outrage of Frederick D'Lacy. As the quarrel originated between you and I, you and I, sir, will fight it out."

"I will not have it so!" proudly interrupted Fred. "The dispute was yours Courtney, I grant; but the insults are mine. I will, however, accept you as my second, right willingly, but prefer to chastise the bully myself!"

"Take that," shouted the furious Herbert, aiming a blow at Fred, whose calm imperious manner maddened his enemy.

Fred saw the coming blow, and sprang to the left, avoiding it; then, quick as lightning, he struck the other between the eyes, sending the bullock-like Herbert to the ground, with such force that laid him full length, and made his head rattle as it struck the earth.

The bully arose bewildered and astonished, while those, who were disposed to interfere for a more equal match, were scarcely less so. The fact was, Fred had been much underrated; for, though he was comparatively slender, he was well made, with powerful limbs and iron sinews. He possessed, in reality, great physical development and prowess, but not of that showy kind as seen in Herbert; and, though Fred was meek and gentle as a lamb, he had in him much of the lion-like nature of his race. The lion was now aroused—the lamb slept! and that quiet, unshowy physical force, with which nature had endowed him, but which had never manifested itself more than in the distance which he could strike a ball, for the first time attracted the Eton boys. They saw in a moment that the match was not so very unequal, backed with the courage and cool resolution of Fred, even though he was three years the junior of Herbert. With one accord the boys formed themselves into the orthodox ring, and Dick Courtney stood prepared to second Fred. One of the "General's" men did the same for him; and then commenced a regular set fight, which, after a half an hour's duration, ended in the discomfiture of the bully. He slunk away amidst the derision of the crowd, bearing many signs of having had "enough"—such as a pair of black eyes and a well battered face, covered with blood and cuts, from the sharp knuckles of Fred.

From that day Frederick D'Lacy found a warm admirer in Richard Courtney, and he in turn equally admired his noble friend "Dick," to whom he looked up as an elder brother. Indeed, the youths became brothers in soul and love. They left school together, and together traveled throughout Europe and a portion of Asia. They visited the classic lands of sunny Italy, and intellectually luxuriated with each other at Rome, drinking the same draughts of poetry, revelling in the same scenes of exquisite beauty, and gushing into each others souls youth's fresh rich feelings and strong floods of sensibility, as they together revelled in the architecture, music, painting, sculpture, and the endless scenes of historical fame, grandeur, romance and superstition with which the fair Italia's realms abound. At the same altar they stood, and by their sides the brides of their youth. At the door of the village church, where they had together entered into Hymen's holy bonds of love, they separated to spend their honeymoon, each on his family estates and in the house of his ancestors.

But, from this Eton pugilistic episode came events of a different kind, which covered much of the future history of the D'Lacys, up to the opening chapter, which showed the dying Fred making his last earthly journey to the ancestral hall of his friend Dick, now Sir Richard Courtney, one of the richest baronets in England.

From the day that Herbert Blakely slunk discomfited away, muttering vengeance upon the head of his youthful victor, Fred had an enemy as bitter and vindictive as his friend Dick was fond and faithful; and that enemy was far more to be feared than the proud boy imagined. Indeed, he scarcely made a note of his threat, but considered it mere bombast, and ere many days had fled, it had passed from his memory to give place to more pleasant recollections. Now, this underrating of his enemy's threat proved a calamity; for it kept Lord Reginald and his son blind to the plot that consummated the wreck of the D'Lacy house.

On the same day of the fight, Herbert went home to his father, the General, and returned to Eton no more. He related to his father what had transpired, but artfully insinuating as the cause of his defeat, the combination of Fred's aristocratic friends against him on account of the General's own low birth. This was gall and bitterness to the wealthy plebeian, whose pride was morbidly sensitive upon this point, and father and son joined in vows of a fitting vengeance and humiliation upon the D'Lacy race.

Soon after the events above related, General Blakely paid a visit to Lord Reginald; and so consummately did he play the part which he had taken for the complete ruin of the declining fortunes of the D'Lacys, that he most successfully ingratiated himself into the good graces of Lord Reginald, and won his entire confidence. This was a great part of the game won, for the noble lord had previously felt towards the wealthy mortgagee

of his family estates something akin to distrust. Of this the General was aware, and played his cards accordingly. He put himself under many obligations to the proud, but generous D'Lacy. It was Lord Reginald's tenantry that sent the General to the English Parliament, and it was Lord Reginald's hand that opened the stately doors of England's select aristocracy to one who, though he held high military rank in the East India Company's service, had no ancient family to claim, nor a single relation to be found in any branch of the hereditary gentlemen of the land. But the friendship and countenance of the D'Lacy was to the wealthy plebeian in aristocratic circles what, among the moneyocracy of the present day, it would be to a commercial man to be seen on "Change," arm-in-arm in close fellowship with King Rothschild. The General was, therefore, under very great obligation to the D'Lacy—indeed more deeply indebted to him than was the noble himself to his wealthy creditor; for Lord Reginald's friendship and support obtained for him what all his wealth could not have purchased. Now, the General was very frank, and constant in his acknowledgments of his vast obligations to his noble friend, and would not hear from Lord Reginald anything touching the mortgage which he held upon the D'Lacy estates. He insisted that he was vastly indebted to the D'Lacys, and not they to him,—that through their representative he had been advanced in social and political position more than all his wealth could have accomplished alone; and he was irresistible in the argument that he personally picked the fruits of the princely state of the D'Lacy house. When Lord Reginald was in a humor to contemplate retrenchment, General Blakely was at hand to combat the monstrous and unkind intention—unkind he declared to himself, for the D'Lacy, who had conferred so liberally favors on him, was too proud to receive an acknowledgment of those favors. The D'Lacy, however, was not too proud to receive an acknowledgment in words; it was the *substantial* one which his wealthy creditor offered, that he was so nice upon. But the gallant General urged that he also had his pride and was as tender as the D'Lacy upon a point of honor. If Lord Reginald would not condescend to a reciprocity of friendship and favors with him, then he would owe to the D'Lacys as little as possible, and pay off a portion of his own indebtedness to them, by destroying the mortgage which he held against their estates. He even went so far, in the consummation of his deep laid plot, as to send the mortgage deeds to Lord Reginald, which that nobleman returned, as the General well knew he would. Thus it was, the General's course being so plausible, and what he urged so true, in point of fact and honor, that Lord Reginald committed the great error of humoring what he acknowledged as just prejudice of his wealthy friend to the character of money-lender. It was a deep laid plot of General Blakely, who was at once morally the debtor, and legally the creditor of the D'Lacy who fell into the arch plotter's trap, and allowed him to carry his point in his determined refusal to receive the yearly interest of the mortgage. Thus worked the plot to its consummation, and thus the ruin of the D'Lacy house, which broke the heart of Lord Reginald, and stripped his son, Lord Frederick, of his family estates. Thus also was partially fulfilled the threat of the vindictive Herbert Blakely against young Fred, at school.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME—NOBLE REVELLERS.

On through the changes of time to Rome and a period sixteen years later.

"The new *prima donna*! The queen of song! The divine Terese!" shouted a gay company of noble revellers. In their dissipated gallantry, they sprang to their feet and pledged the lady in sparkling wine; and as each gallant tipped the glass of his fellow, he shouted a rival pledge to the same lady. The revellers vied with each other in naming the new Star.

Two gentlemen, remote from the revellers, were drinking their wine in quiet propriety. They were English, though one of them would have passed for an Italian; and he spoke the language of the country with the ease of a native, and the elegance of a scholar. The two young Englishmen had no relation with the dissipated nobles, nor joined them in their pledge, even so much as by a notice, but quietly conversed together. Seemingly, they were oblivious to the presence of the gallants, and unconscious of their naming a young musical star who had just burst upon the fashionable world at Rome, captivating with her rustic beauty and enchanting with her wonderful dramatic powers and gifts of song. It might have been that the two young Englishmen were students—artists who had come to the capital of the empire of art for their finishing education. They looked not unlike artists of some class—perhaps painters, perhaps musicians; and if the latter, doubtless they were not so unconscious of the pledge of the revellers to "the queen of song—the divine Terese," as they seemed to be. One thing, however, concerning them was certain, that if they were more than artists, they had not claimed their social rank in the fashionable circles at Rome, and were unknown to the dissipated young noblemen who ignored their presence as completely as the young Englishmen had seemed to be oblivious of the revelling of the gallants. Perhaps they were abashed by close proximity to gay men of rank, and by quiet reserve invited no attention to themselves; perhaps they were lost together in interesting conversation upon their favorite art.

"Gentlemen," said a signor Benedict, from among the gay young noblemen, "I have pledged the gifted *artiste*, not the lady—not the lady, by the mass."

"Ha, ha! not the lady, Marquis; of course not the lady. She would not unlikely jilt you, as a certain fair songstress did before. Gentlemen, we absolve signor Benedict from all imputation of pledging a woman—of drinking wine in honor of any creature in petticoats, excepting in her character as an *artiste*. You absolve our Benedict, noble gallants?"

"Certainly, certainly! Right willingly we absolve the Marquis. No, scandal to the Benedict about a petticoat!"

"Signor Benedict," said Count Orsini, the leader of the revellers, "you are absolved by this solemn assembly of all appearance of pledging a woman!"

"By the bye, Count, you have not met your usual success with the new *prima donna*," retorted the Marquis Baglioni, the Benedict, for the thrust made at him by the Count, touching his unfortunate love episode.

"Usual success!" laughed a middle-aged English baronet. "Why, Marquis, your wording of the Count's ill luck in wooing the beautiful singer, is very like a compliment. The irresistible Orsini has been repulsed by the gifted peasant, with as much bluteur as though she had been a princess of the proud Orsini house itself, and he but one of its serfs who had presumptuously claimed her favor."

"The fashionable gossips repeat the scandal that the charming Terese sent the Orsini back the diamond coronet and his eloquent *billet doux*—his love offering, penned by a poetic secretary, unopened," observed Count Cariati, with evident pleasure, at the opportunity of being able to annoy his rival, "The Orsini was surely caught by Cupid this time, but the nightingale was not caught by him."

"Rather a severe thrust that," remarked the Benedict. "You had better pattern after me, Orsini."

"O! I can afford Cariati's banter. Besides, it reminds me of former triumphs, in which the Count has been put *hors de combat* in our love passes. Bear me witness also, noble friends, that of all this company of irresistible gallants, none have been more successful with the lady than I."

"But Count, you must acknowledge we have not met your repulse, nor had our gifts returned," said the English baronet.

"Ha, ha," laughed Orsini, complacently; "my little episode was too significant a warning for others to attempt, where I had failed. Quite flattering, Sir Herbert, I assure you."

"Remember Orsini, I have not made advances to your gifted countrywoman," said the Englishman.

"It would be in vain, Sir Herbert."

"I have cut the wings of as shy a bird, ere now, Count."

"Come friends, come! a common cause! We grant Sir Herbert to have been irresistible with the fair, and to be still a gallant worthy a beauty's smiles; but, in justice, we must claim the superior advantages of youth."

The vanity of the Englishman was piqued, for though middle-aged he was still a fine looking man, who, in his day, had been too successful with the fair sex, to the sorrow of many a repentant deserted one.

"A princely dinner to this company of noble gallants, Count Orsini, that I will succeed where you failed, and win the smiles of the beautiful Terese. Give me three months, and I will bring the queen of song from her rustic bower, to blaze her lustre on the fashionable crowd at Rome."

"As her accepted knight, Sir Herbert? The favored lover who shall conquer the gifted amazon who beat the Orsini?"

"Yes, Count; as the conquerer of her who discomfited you."

"A wager, by the holy virgin," laughed the handsome young noble, with pardonable assurance that the Englishman would fail where he had lost. "I accept the challenge. You are witnesses noble friends!"

"Bear witness, gentlemen," joined in Sir Herbert. "And now pledge me success in wine, most gallant worshipers of Bachus and Venus."

"Pledge the daring Englishman," shouted the company.

"I will lead the ceremony, as a token of good will," said Count Orsini. "Success to Sir Herbert, *if he can win it!*"

"If he can win it!" laughed the revellers.

"I think we have been rather imprudent," here observed Count Cariati, glancing towards the two young Englishmen, who had held no companionship with them.

The revellers turned their attention to where the Count indicated, and for the first time gave importance to the presence of the strangers.

"By all the Saints," broke in the Benedict, "'tis the fellow pupil of the fair Terese!"

What, the young mentor of the *prima donna*, to whom I presume I am much indebted?" asked Count Orsini.

"Yes, the handsome cousin who pre-appropriates the gifted peasant," the Marquis replied.

"The solution of your non-success, Orsini," said another of the gallants.

"And the secret of the prima donna's rustic seclusion," added Cariati.

"Gentlemen," said Orsini, "we release Sir Herbert from his wager. Doubtless the affair will be repeated to the lady."

"I never repeat to a lady the disgraceful conduct of libertines, even though it should concern herself. I would not bring a blush to her cheek by a tale of liberties taken with her fair name."

"Libertines!" ejaculated the gallants, in surprise and rage. "Beware, young man!"

"But I would guard her person, and chastise an offender, at the first approach of outrage to her, personally."

The young Englishman had answered the revellers, without appearing to address them. Seemingly, he was continuing a conversation with his companion, which the gay company had not heard, because of their our clamor, yet, of course, the dissipated young nobleman knew that the remarks of the stranger were shaped for them.

"We are insulted, gentlemen!" exclaimed a passionate young noble, starting to his feet.

"And by two adventurers!" added another.

"Artists—fellows who live by their brains," said a third.

"Of which that noble lap-dog of Dame Fortune has but a small portion for his inheritance," said the other young Englishman.

"By the Pope," exclaimed the Benedict, half admiringly, "the fellows have mettle to beard us thus. As I'm a soldier I think the artists worthy our swords."

"Peasants,—not worthy a moment's notice of these noble gallants, Marquis," put in Sir Herbert, with a design to save his imprudent countrymen, as he considered them, from the fury of the fiery Italians.

"Countrymen of yours, Sir Herbert, and if peasants, excellent fellow pupils of the haughty Terese."

"Your true plebeian is ever haughty and arrogant, if possessed of talents or favored by fortune," he replied.

"The baronet is an excellent example of your true plebeian," observed the youngest of the Englishmen, to the fellow pupil of Terese.

"Did you address your remark to me, sir," said Sir Herbert, furiously, approaching his countryman.

"My friend," answered the elder of the unknown Englishmen, "was referring me to the family of a rich plebeian who tricked his noble patron out of his estates; but the story can be of no interest to you, sir."

"None in the least," replied Sir Herbert, much annoyed and embarrassed. "I beg your pardon, young gentlemen, for taking up a link of your story, to which we have not been sufficiently attentive."

"This has gone too far, gentlemen," the passionate Orsini broke in. "We are all designedly insulted by two low born adventurers."

"Let them leave the society of noblemen, for their own. There are plenty of the artist crew in Rome," added another.

"Yes, yes! Let them leave and at once," shouted the company threateningly.

"And if the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna* presumes on his favor with the Star, the Orsini will knight him, by breaking his sword across his back."

The young artist, if such he was, left his seat, and walking up to the Italian noble, said, with flashing eyes, "Count, long centuries ago, when the Orsini's held up a princely head, my ancestor knighted the chief of their proud house!"

"Nameless boaster," shouted the now maddened noble, drawing his rapier, "defend yourself!"

The young Englishman showed no sign of fear nor hurry, but with provoking calmness, tapping his own rapier, continued, "I have taken lessons from the best swordsman in Italy, as well as music lessons from the illustrious Spontani."

"Another Admiralble Crichton!" sneered the Orsini.

"At your service, Count."

"Perhaps it will not be wise to tempt your skill," replied the young Italian Count, still sneeringly; and then he haughtily added, "As noblemen are not accustomed to fight with adventurers, it does not become an Orsini to cross swords with one whom Rome knows to bear no higher title than the fellow pupil of Terese, the *prima donna*."

"As you please, Count, I am not wonderfully desirous to claim the honor of knighthood from your sword, nor wish, unless tempted by a more serious cause, to run you through with mine," said the young Englishman, with provoking good nature and exquisite politeness.

"A braggart—a stage walker in heroics," shouted the gallants.

"At your service, gentlemen, if any of this brave company wish it; still, not myself eager for the honor. Sir Herbert Blakely, the story my friend was relating, in which you have manifested some interest, is of a certain baronet, of title very modern, who holds lands not his own, but lent to his father—a money-usurer. The sequel, noble sir, is that the heir may some day redeem them from the son of the pawn-broker;" and the two young Englishmen left the revellers much chagrined.

"By Lucifer, Sir Herbert, there is hidden meaning in all this," observed Count Orsini to the baronet, who was pacing the room venting his rage and mortification in unttered curses. Once or twice the Englishman was about to follow the daring strangers, but prudence forbade. The sequel, which he had in his revenge already more than half determined on, was a very different one to that which his young countryman had prophesied. In view of such a result, he deemed it wise not to make public foot-marks for the future to discover.

"By the infernal powers! you are right, Count. The young bravo bore himself as haughtily to the Orsini as though he had been that same ancestor, rating for some insubordination the chief of your proud house, whom he knighted long centuries ago. Ha! ha! ha! you did not expect such a clear unhorsing as that, Count, in your tilting-match with the unknown. Let me see, gallants the order of the day's tornament—thus it runs: The herald of the day enters, the challenge of the Orsini is proclaimed—the black knight bounds into the ring upon his warlike charger—visor down—name given—the Unknown—the Orsini is unhorsed—visor of the Unknown is raised—the conqueror of the Orsini is his own Sovereign. By Jupiter! quite a romantic adventure, noble friends!"

Sir Herbert was evidently aiming to turn the sharp thrusts, given by the young Englishman, from himself to the Count, and he also designedly sought to enflame the fiery Italian against the strangers; but the rhapsody of the baronet rather amused than enraged him, for he took it as a mere display of Sir Herbert, to hide his own mortification at the references made to what, he keenly suspected, was a secret chapter of the baronet's family history.

"Come, come Sir Herbert, do not heal your wounds on my body. Return his thrusts with a sharp sword. Tut, tut man, they had no point for the Orsini."

"I tell you proud Count, his thrusts at you were pointed for you. Unless I much mistake, long centuries ago, when the Orsinis held up a princely head; his ancesters *did* knight the Chief of their proud house."

"By the Pope! Sir Herbert, you are dealing in offensive riddles," exclaimed the young noble, in rage.

"The founder of the house and name of that dark, haughty young stranger was, long centuies ago, Sir Count, Grand Master of the renowned order of Knights of the Temple of Zion."

"Then, by the Temple of Zion! If thy suspicion be not groundless, Sir Herbert," exclaimed the Count, "thy countryman's words were not those of a braggard, for a chief of the Orsini house was a Knight Templar of that proud order, whose Grand Master awayed his baton over even princes."

"I much mistake, Count, if I am not right in my surmises, as to the identity of that haughty young Englishman. The fellow-pupil of the prima dona—the favored lover—the successful rival—the descendant of the Grand Master that knighted your ancestor—Sir Walter Templar is no unworthy match for an Orsini, either in love or knightly prowess," said Sir Herbert, pursuing his object to inflame the vindictiveness of the revengeful Italian.

"Gallants, we meet after the opera tonight at the palace of the Orsini. Again to the queen of song. Come pledge again the divine Terese, noble friends." Thus, the young noble, with an assumed lightness and indifference, sought to hide from his gay companions the black demon of revenge that possessed his soul, called up by the designing Englishman, who had discovered in his young countrymen two men whom he instinctively felt he had most occasion to fear in a future reckoning, which for twenty years he had hoped would never come.

As the revellers separated, Count Orsini whispered to Sir Herbert Blakely that his private box at the opera house would not offend the most fastidious friend. The wily Englishman understood the Italian, and as they separated, his face wore a dark smile of wicked triumph.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A man's troubles are born and grow with him; by habit he becomes able to endure them. They who go out of the common track to speculate upon happiness, not only have, but deserve, a larger share of misfortune than they who keep on the well-known beaten track, contented with being moderately happy.

MORMONISM REPUBLICAN IN ITS GENIUS.

The very genius of Mormonism is liberalism. To the last degree it is not conservative, in the sense of its being anti-progressional. In a republican nation this offspring of a new era had its birth, and, this child of promise of a glorious future civilization, bore all the features of a robust republican character. It has but very foreign relationship to priestcraft, kingcraft, or aristocracy, and nothing American born can possess a stronger repugnance and contempt for anything of the kind, than does the true genius of Mormonism.

In a preparatory age, Washington and his compeers —those noble God-sent apostles of social and political liberty and inalienable rights—had sternly battled with England, and morally fought every institution of the old world, which tended to the social and political enslavement of the people, or which was detrimental to the progress of nations. Thus was a new mission won for humanity, and most fittingly America bears the name of the "New World."

Those patriot High Priests of the social and culminating dispensation of the world, not merely made the Declaration of national independence and rights for themselves, but for humanity at large. It was a grand declaration of the rights of all mankind, and, because thereof, that declaration was not sectional, but belonged to every nation or people who dared in thought, revolution or gradual progress, to claim their inalienable rights. In framing the Constitution of their nation, they also not merely laid down the platform of the American Confederation of States in one grand union, which typified the holy brotherhood of nations to which the great and good of every age have directed their inspired vision; but as it was an instrument of government framed to secure the inalienable rights of man, its genius was destined to spread its eagle wings o'er all the earth, where're a branch of universal man be found. It was the political and social ushering in of a new dispensation, crowned with the glory of the last days.

The Supreme Ruler had appointed that humanity should transmigrate itself from the old world to the new one, clothed with higher, divner forms of social and political institutions. Thus grew up a grand Union of nationalities, to represent the dominant empire of the future—thus was moulded a type of universal brotherhood of nations.

Shall we say that Washington and his compeers in their declaration of independence, and inalienable rights, for themselves and humanity at large, were socially and politically crying in the wilderness of old systems the, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God?" Shall we say that, in organizing their government and framing its constitution, they were socially and politically laying the foundation of a millennial era? We think we should be clothing in language the spirit of a great social and political truth.

It was some such view as this which the liberal minds of Europe have taken of the political apostleship of America in the great future, and your Owens and Brontiere O'Briens, your Cobdens and Brights saw a political and social millennium near, and your Mackeys, of poetry and prose, wrote of "the good time coming."

But there was another plank in the platform to be laid down. Thus Mormonism teaches. Washington and his compeers began the work, as the social and political forerunners of the new dispensation, and when the world became ripe through their preparatory work, a youth—a robust son of robust republican America, starts forth with his mission—a new dispensation of religion. His part was to lay down the chief corner stone of that glorious social, political and religious temple of the world, in which universal man shall worship in one common brotherhood, be its members of whatever nation, name, or creed. Such was the mission and prophecies of this religious apostle of millennial reign, and such a proclamation his compeers resounded throughout the nations. This was the Alpha and Omega of the new revelation—the end and aim of the mission of Joseph, the prophet of the world's future civilization, representing millennial glory and universal brotherhood. This is the mission of "The Latter-day Work;" and the thousands who have preached this to the nations from their youth, know full well that this formed the grand programme which they offered to the world. If we lose this part, we lose the whole represented in the mission of the Latter-day Prophet; and thenceforth Mormonism has no mission, and the hundreds of thousands of its disciples, who with holy extacy received the new revelation of Deity, manifested to the upheaving of the world into a grand universal civilization, are again afloat upon the dark ocean upon which the world has sailed before, no "good time coming"—no glorious millennium near.

The revelation of this new mission was not to do away with what the republican high priests of the social and political re-organization had done in a former generation; but it was to give the new spirit to the body of the representative nationality of the future, which the Almighty had inspired them to organize, in which he might entabernacle the soul of a recreated world, representing universal brotherhood of nations, and bringing forth the common good of universal man.

Many of our readers will probably grant our position that it is a great fact that Washington and his brother high priests of American nationality, did lay the social and political foundation of the world's reorganization and future glory, and we would crown this concession with the fact that, the mission of Joseph, the prophet, was not to pull up their foundation-parts of the grand millennial fabric, but to lay the chief corner stone thereof.

Dwell with us a moment in a summary on the consistency of the view before us.

The rise and fall of empires is the law of human experience. Briefly, then, the world had grown old, and the civilizations of the past, each of which had heaved its tides of progress into its successor, had reached the period where the universal civilization begins, theologically denominated the "Dispensation of the Fullness of Times." Old systems and forms of thought were passing away, and a new era was spreading over the earth, represented in the character and genius of the Declaration of Independence and the inalienable rights of man. Europe, and all nations feel it, but the new world is the chief representative of political and social regeneration. But the history of the world shows that, incarnated in every new civilization, is the soul of a new religious inspiration. The last example is Christianity becoming incarnated in the body of the blended civilizations which Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome, as well as the chosen nation had developed. Facts proving abundantly that politically, socially, intellectually and progressionally, a new era of the world has come, the analogy of human experience brings us to the idea of its new religious incarnation. The point of Joseph's mission is, *Christianity reborn* to become the soul of the new

civilization of millennial glory—again is it breathed into a new created world. Such in brief is our view of Mormonism.

"The Latter-day Work," is, therefore, most decidedly republican and identical with the Great American Declaration and Constitution. Indeed, most positively has this Church declared that Washington and his compeers were divinely moved to their work, and that the Constitution was given by the inspiration of the Almighty. Its Elders have, also, as positively declared that the work of those patriot Statesmen was to prepare the way for the laying of the chief corner stone of a glorious millennial fabric.

We, therefore, properly travel not in an opposite path to the one in which the American nation started on its birth on Independence day. The truth is, the body being created and fashioned to the design of the Great Ruler of the world, he breathes into it the soul, and the new world starts into the culminating civilization with another apostleship. Joseph the prophet holds its keys.

In this religious apostleship and mission, all that the declaration of inalienable rights conceded, and all that the Constitution aimed for, are embodied. It must also do as much in its sphere, as the preparatory political and social mission did in its calling, and must secure for humanity the greatest amount of rights, liberties and progress. Universal good, universal progressiveness, and universal rights were its aim and scope, and not the exclusive good and privileges of any select few, or any one community. All the American nation have had their parts in the work of the new dispensation, as well as ourselves, only some toil their day upon one part of the wall, while others build another portion of the grand superstructure.

Granting that Mormonism has its ecclesiastical organization and rule, its spirit, principles and aims are in their integrity eminently republican; aye, more, they are universalian! Universal brotherhood, universal good, universal liberty, universal truth and universal progress, socially, politically and religiously, are printed on the programme of Mormonism. Such we have dreamt it to be, and if it be but dreaming, still will we dream—still let us dream forever. T.

A NOVEL QUESTION.

It is a well known fact that needs no argument here, that fiddles, theatres, ball-parties and novels, are the particular products of the world, the flesh and the devil. This was, at any rate, the ancient conclusion. We have, however, lived to find a religious community raised up that take a different view of these matters, and who supposed that, if the Creator has endowed us with faculties specially calculated to be delighted with such amusements, it is because he means them to be gratified.

Although this is the general view taken of such matters by this community, we occasionally still find a solitary individual who, after being converted from point to point, till he has been able to admit balls, music and theatres as being innocent amusements, when rightly conducted. Still repudiates the unfortunate novel, as he once repudiated the ball, party and the theatre.

It was not long since that we listened to an oration from a friend of this description on a public platform. This gentleman had spent the previous Saturday evening with intense delight at the theatre, and he took the Sunday following to express his views on the injurious effects of novel reading. Another friend of ours, a very honest man, who also attends theatres with great zest, was punctuated to the soul at the idea that novel reading should by furnished to this community; for, as he sagely remarked, "This people want truth, and novels are merely a pack of lies."

Supposing theatres, when wisely conducted, to be an admitted good, we wish to ask this question—what is the difference between a play and a novel? We answer, a play is a novel with the story told by men and women dressed up for the occasion; a novel, on the other hand, is in effect, a drama with the characters and scenery described by pen and ink, instead of being told by live men and women on a stage. In the drama, the scenes are painted on cloth in colors; in the novel they are painted with words, and left to the mind to conceive. The man that writes the plays very often writes the novels as well. For instance, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who wrote the "Lady of Lyons," has written a number of beautiful and instructive works of fiction, which we wish in due time to present before our readers. Both novels and plays, to a certain extent, are fictions. Both appeal to the imagination. If by picturing something that never did occur, one is proved to be a lie, then the other must be a lie also.

But we contend that neither novels nor plays are necessarily lies. A lie is the intention to deceive. Neither playwrights nor novelists pretend that the scenes they picture occurred exactly as they represent them. It is well understood that both start to present pictures of real life, and the goodness or badness of such pictures, consists simply in the truthfulness or exaggeration with which such scenes are drawn. It is true that some novels, as our friend said, tend to "unfit men and women for the practical duties of life, and fill their heads with ridiculous conceits;" but there are a large class of plays that do the same. On the other hand, a large number of both plays and novels do good service in fitting men and women for the realities of existence; and it is this latter class we wish to present before our readers. If we do ever present anything bordering on the sensational, it will be on the same ground that we suppose such plays as the "Warlock of the Glen" have been placed before this community—because there are a variety of people to suit, and all cannot enjoy the rigidly good. They must, therefore, be treated as the man did his cow, when he wanted to dose her with onions, he gave her one apple to six onions, and for the sake of the apples she swallowed the onions.

But now as to novels being lies, ignorance only will lead men to say this. On the contrary, we assert that many of the novels, of our high class writers of the day, are full of the highest of truths. They picture the deepest thoughts and emotions of man's being. If any are ignorant of this, it is because they have not read such men as Dickens, Bulwer, D'Israeli, and others. If they had, and reflected much, they would find recorded within such works a picture of their own struggling souls—their own most penetrating views—their sublimest thoughts, and the points that touch most their heart of hearts. This would happen because the really good novel writer *does not*, as is supposed, draw, alone, on his imagination for his characters, but writes himself out and lays bare his own heart and his best reflections, as food for his readers. Although all this certainly is dressed up with incident and circumstances, to give the matter variety and charm, the chief aim is to tell, under the guise of a story, some facts that relate to universal man.

And in conclusion, as to the question of introducing

good novels at this time, amongst this community, we say, there is no such question to be discussed. Novels are already introduced. Many are read privately and some are performed weekly before delighted audiences. The dramatized novel is an accepted fact, endorsed by all. Besides, thousands of dollars are continually leaving this country for the purchase of the most trashy contaminating novels ever printed, which are brought here and eagerly devoured by young and old. Whilst we propose to displace this sensational stuff, by matter equally interesting, but of a purer kind. With novels then, front and back, novels right and left—performed and unperformed—it never occurred to us to make a question, whether novels ought now to be introduced, anymore than it occurred to us to raise the question, whether cattle ought to be raised whilst the whole community feed, more or less, on beef. H.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

In the personalities of Mr. T. A. Lyne and Mr. George Pauncefort, the theatre going public of Utah have had two distinguished representatives of different schools of dramatic *artistes*. The former gentleman claims our first attention.

In introducing Mr. Lyne as an eminent representative of his school, let us first briefly sketch his connection with the Salt Lake stage, for it is the history of theatricals in Utah, and the progress of art at home, which form the speciality of our reviews.

The Deseret Dramatic Association started its career of professional training under the able tutorage of Mr. T. A. Lyne, and his directorship gave a semi-professional character to the company.

The first season opened with a series of light, melo-dramatic and domestic pieces. The "Pride of the Market" led the van—came as the herald of the future. Perhaps the management placed this piece upon the first page of the history of theatricals at home, from a modest design not to promise too much, and not to make any strong assertion of the programme of the coming foot-marks of the Association. The "Pride of the Market" is very un-English in its character, which is not singular, from the fact that it is very French in its type. We are no admirers of this class of plays for a robust Anglo-Saxon audience, and think that pieces Anglo-Saxon in their character, from the pens of good American or English writers, far more preferable. The "Pride of the Market" class will do well enough for after-pieces; but they have too little body to be representative plays. They are about on a par with "Parquette"—that supplanter of the strong understandable "Pitt."

The "Honeymoon" and "Love's Sacrifice," were marked steps in advance, and well chosen forerunners of the many excellent plays which have since been put upon the boards. In the "Charcoal Burner" was introduced the melo-dramatic class, of course introduced because everybody must be pleased, some with fun, some with melo-dramatic effects, some with the strongly rediculous, and some with the chaste and good. Doubtless, the management entertain as much contempt for the piece as ourselves, but the half mad misanthrope, and Phil's inimitable Grand Juryman, supported by Maiben in another good comic character, gave such an opportunity for melo-dramatic effects, and strong low comicalities that it was admitted on the stage, because of its taking caste. When managers bring on their comics and ludicrisities, it is simply to make fun, because the public like fun as well as sentiment; and when they put their bears and baboons on the stage, it is not because of their own admiration for the beasts. The "Charcoal Burner" class of plays cannot live through many successive nights. Its most legitimate character is Mathew Elsdale, the miser, for in him alone is there a moral. All the rest are only so many comic and melo-dramatic effects.

The public was brought to the legitimate drama again in "The Porter's Knot" and "Old Phil's Birthday," that is to say, the legitimate drama of the modern school, for most certainly that which pictures life and character—that which "holds the mirror up to nature" is legitimate, whether it belongs to the old or new schools. We had hoped to see more of Tom Taylor's class of plays presented to the public. Mr. H. B. Clawson is a very good representative of plays bearing resemblance to "The Porter's Knot," or "Old Phil," and there are no pieces more healthful to the public than the domestic drama.

Next came the powerful and classical "Virginius," the master-piece of Sheridan Knowles. Mr. Snow was the first personator of Virginius in our theatre, in which character he made a decided success. The beautiful romantic play of "Ingomar" followed, and then we entered into a new and higher phase of theatricals in Utah.

In the person of Mr. T. A. Lyne we had a strong pioneer of the professions. He is the foundation-stone of our professional theatrical future. In this character we are immensely interested in Mr. Lyne. The superstructure of the professions in every branch, must and will be reared; and at the laying of every foundation-stone thereof, the sons of the professions may well shout for joy. As certain as that day succeeds night, and the seasons roll round in nature's order, that fabric will go up. Even our merchants are prophesying it. The erection of their magnificent stores is the language of their oracles. Mr. Jennings, with his wealth and enterprise, is first among the commercial prophets of the future, and Godbe, Ransohoff, Bassett, and others follow. Architecture in Main street is proclaiming its mission, and since Mr. Lyne first appeared on the stage at home, several of the foundation-parts of the professions have been laid. The superstructure will be gradually reared, either by home laborers or foreign builders of the fabric of science and art. It is an ambitious hope of ours that the laborers of this work may spring up from our own community. Why should they not? With the introduction of a little foregn element occasionally, as our management has done in the theatre, and even what started in an amateur character, by training, would assume a professional face. But Mr. Lyne can hardly be called foreign. He was associated with our history in its earlier periods, and from his continuance among this people, even when unemployed, it has evidently been his desire to settle his professional future in our midst. Not only are we pleased to claim Mr. Lyne as a foundation-stone from our own people, but we hope he may yet be able to live professionally among us. Of the old legitimate school, he is an eminent actor. It is said, upon good authority, that in "Damon" he is equal to Edmund Forest, and as he has been pronounced great in that character, without having seen Mr. Forest, we may believe such to be the fact. But Mr. Lyne has not yet had an opportunity of showing his full scope and power. As yet he has merely appeared in "Damon," "Rolla," "Pizarro," "Virginius," "William Tell," "the Stranger," "Shylock." Nearly the entire role of the great representative parts of the classical drama is in his sphere. Besides he is up in some of the best English comedies, and many choice sensational plays. There is no fear of our living out plays which England and America have reveled in for generations, and to the name of the everlasting Shakspeare are now added a host of other brilliant names of the high dramatic school. The splendid role of plays from their pens, mixed with choice domestic pieces, and solid dramas of the new school, from the best American and English authors, would certainly mark footsteps of progress in our home theatricals. Mr. Lyne, H. B. Clawson, David McKenzie and J. T. Caine, could mix their roles of parts to fill with unsatiated interest any number of seasons. As for Phil., Dunbar and the rest of the comic *corps*, when shall we have enough of them? ALPHA.

WHO IS IT MEANT.—This has been repeatedly asked in relation to several characters in "Uncle Jacob's Birthday." We beg leave to inform our readers that it is a satire upon a class, and means no particular individual. If the "cap" should "fit" any one person or any fifty persons, they can wear it, by passing it around among each other. That is no business of ours. Satires are in all nations, and have been for thousands of years, a legitimate branch of literature. They are *not* personalities, though, of course, individuals and classes suggest them, but they are only applicable to them, like any of Charley Dickens' characters are to any of his readers who happen to have their portraits painted in his novels. Uncle Jacob's "wealthy gilder," is anybody who, after getting fat on "bench fruit" virtuously turns his nose up at it; or who, after dipping deeply for salaries, etc., into the treasury of Uncle Sam, affects a virtuous indignation against others having transactions with the same old gentleman—there are many such.

HUMAN NATURE.—We have considerable human nature about us. We have learnt the golden maxim about "if you are smitten on one cheek turn the other also," but we are afraid there is in us some common relationship to that quaker, who acknowledged the maxim, turned the other cheek, but "pitched in" between the blows. We are most good natured with those who are good natured with us. *We never strike the first blow.*

Notes of the Week.

BY QUIZ.

HORRIBLE! MORE HORRIBLE!! MOST HORRIBLE!!!—The junior "pandemoniumist" of the *Vedette* is awake and kicking. He has a column "all to himself," and is glad of it. His first efforts are evidently shaped to please, but the last of his new local items is as clearly intended to scare us. He says:

MR. T. B. H. STENHOUSE, Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and Postmaster of Salt Lake City, accompanied by his foreman, Mr. Thompson, paid us a visit on Friday last.

What! the Editor of the *Telegraph*—a paper that was compelled to suppress its strong historical bias, and let the first literary magazine ever published in the history of this people, appear without a record of the fact, simply because it was printed at the "Pandemonium." The Editor of such a *Telegraph*, visit, actually visit the "Pandemonium" itself. Oh, shocking!

After all, we could overlook his going there, if he had gone alone—for he is strong minded enough for anything,—but to take an innocent foreman along with him, and expose him to the dangers of that place! T. B. H. you did wrong—very wrong. How will you answer to that young man's family, if a "pandemonium" fever should "strike in" and carry him off? And then, what could the *Telegraph* want up there—so far away from home—all alone? Surely he didn't want to buy up the entire printing establishment, so that the public should have no more PEEP O' DAYS? Some say so. But of course it was not so, for that would be unkindness from our friend; and even if it was not unkindness, the *Telegraph* could never trade with Camp Douglas anyway! That's *morally* impossible. Still it may be right after all, for an eminent authority on such matters once assured us, that while it was Heaven, salvation, joy, comfort and consolation for him and his friends to do business with the Camp, it was hell, blue fire, brimstone and flames for us to do the same.

STRIKING INSTANCE OF AFFECTIONATE CO-OPERATION.—We saw it yesterday upon the bench. Tompkins' cow was in Jobkins' lot. Jobkins Sen. called peacefully for Jobkins Jr. Instead of father and son rushing frantically after Tompkins' cow over carrots, potatoes, cabbages and corn stalks, and giving her a few parting "licks" as she disappeared through the fence, Jobkins, Jr. made for the cow, whilst Jobkins Sen., for some mysterious purpose went outside. In a few moments Jobkins Jr., wheedled the old cow to the gap. Nancy, thanking her lucky stars for such gentle treatment, was cheerfully jumping through, when Jobkins Jr., as if inspired with a sudden idea, commenced thrashing behind whilst at the same identical moment, Jobkins Sen. sprang up from ambush the other side of the gap and commenced a furious onslaught in front, father and son keeping time front and rear, holding the old cow in the gap, and working away "with all the ardor of young and generous natures." Such sweet instances of parental and filial union are seldom seen on earth. We could have wept, it was so lovely!

THE NEW HAT.—It is well known that we are always respectful to the military. We were musing as we walked. Suddenly in the bright sun we saw what appeared to be the upper members of the Provost Guard,—military head-gear, red plumes, etc. Instinctively we whistled "John Brown" and prepared our right hand for our best military touch. Gracefully we raised the hand, we always keep for military movements, and squinted as we did so, from the extreme corner of our right eye for that acknowledgement which we always rigidly exact. A set of steel hoops at that moment grazed our legs and four feminine eyes glanced at our abashed phiz. Merciful heavens! We had saluted two ladies in the New Hat and Plumes.

NEW DISEASE.—A boarding house fever has broken out in the city lately. The unfortunate victim is seized with a strong desire "to take somebody in and do for him." We saw four men and six ladies (widows) all taken with this same complaint—they looked "awful!" This singular disease is strangely affected by colors. Two persons that we saw were so affected in this way that they couldn't see anything that hadn't a green—back.

THE WEATHER.—We have had a great deal of weather the past week; "the judge" is of opinion that it would have frozen,—had it been cold enough. This intensely valuable idea is rendered the more interesting from the fact that upon a close calculation it has been ascertained that the same phenomena will occur again exactly this day twelvemonth.

NO HUMBUG—COME AT LAST.—Passing down Main Street the other day, we were suddenly arrested by a joyous intimation! We knew it was coming some day but we did not expect it just yet. It was this: "Selling off at prime cost and no humbug." We stopped, we gazed, enraptured to find the "good time" come, but suddenly a funny thought came over us; —we'll send a copy of those words to Barnum, they'll prove his death!

Poet's Corner.

AN INVOCATION.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God and fill the hills with praise.

MONT BLANC.

Mont Blank is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanch in his hand. [*Byron.*

LOOK THROUGH MAN TO THE CREATOR
(A reverse of "look through *Nature* up to Nature's God.")

Through *Humanity* look upward,—
Alter ye the olden plan,—
Look through *Man* to the Creator,
Maker, Father, God of Man!
Shall imperishable spirit
Yield to perishable clay?
No sublime o'er Alpine mountains
Soars the Mind its heavenward way.

Some within the humblest *floweret*,
"Thoughts too deep *for* tears" can see;
Oh the humblest man existing
Is a sadder theme to me!
Thus I take the mightier labor
Of the great Almighty hand:
And through Man to the Creator,
Upward look, and weeping stand.

Thus I take the mightier labor,
Crowning glory of his will,
And believe that in the meanest
Lives a spark of Godhead still:
Something that by Truth expanded,
Might be fostered into worth;
Something struggling through the darkness,
Owning an immortal birth."
[*Charles Swain.*

MAGIC OF MUSIC.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.—[*Milton.*

Household Recipes.

WASHING PAINT.—The best method to wash paint is to rub some Bath-brick fine, and when you have rubbed some soap on the flannel, dip it in the brick. This will remove the grease and dirt speedily, without injury.

CINNAMON BISCUIT.—Half a pound of dry flour; one pound of lump sugar, finely sifted; one pound of butter; six-pennyworth of powdered cinnamon. The whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven. [Very good.]

BOILING CARROTS.—When carrots are to be boiled, do not scrape them when raw, but brush and wash them clean; when sufficiently done, take off the skin with the back of the knife. The difference in the flavor is very great, because the juice has been kept in.

HOT SPICE.—Three drachms each of ginger, black pepper and cinnamon; seven cloves; mace, half an ounce; cayenne, one quarter of an ounce; nutmegs, one ounce; white pepper, one ounce and a half; mix. The quantity of cayenne may be increased to suit the palate.

Thinkers' Department.

Under this heading will be presented any novel or original views concerning God, the Universe, or Mankind: not binding ourselves to endorse all we present each at their intrinsic value.

MAN A PROOF OF DEITY.

Every man is as conscious of the existence of God as he is of his own existence. Indeed, the latter is a proof of the former; for what is the Soul but a part of that universal spiritual existence which we call the "Great First Cause." Every soul is so much of it as the extent and size of its own individuality; and in proportion as its individual consciousness approximates to and partakes of the universal consciousness, so great a witness is every man of its existence. To say that we cannot comprehend God in His most abstract and universal meaning, is to say that which amounts to nothing. We cannot comprehend Him, abstractly, even in His most minute and individual sense. Can we abstractly comprehend that being which we call ourselves, or that very mystery which we call consciousness? And yet we know that we do exist, and it is that consciousness which constitutes our intellectual and spiritual life. Every man is an evidence of one great fact—the existence of God. And this is true though his recognizance of this fact should extend no farther than his own individual being and experience. Indeed, it is impossible for it to extend farther than these, for no man can realize a truth by the consciousness and experience of another. It is our individuality, our knowledge, our experience, and our consciousness, that become more enlarged and distinct, and not the universe or any part of it. It is God within us becoming more developed—it is our individuality becoming more universal, which constitutes our growth of consciousness in his existence. Although we should say that we do not comprehend the individual soul, neither the universal soul—God; though we should deny one or both, and make ourselves a sum of contradictions, yet what does this prove more than that these facts are very great, and perhaps, that our consciousness of them is also great, but that our knowledge, and symbols, and language are inadequate to interpret them. And men have generally a pertty distinct notion in such case that they say what they do not exactly mean, and what is not concistent with their experience and consciousness. Indeed, they often quarrel with others for understanding them according to their own statements. They misinterpret themselves and their subjects, they say one thing and mean another, or they use language to which others attach a different meaning, and thus they mistify themselves, their subjects, and their neighbors.

Many of those who are called infidels and atheists will rank among the greatest witnesses to the existence of God. Their writings are manifestations of higher natures than those of the common class of men, and their ideas, and the attempts which they make to explain the big mysteries which are pressing upon them—to reconcile things as they are with their conceptions of truth, wisdom, purity, benevolence, and God—are only so many proofs that the popular interpretations of Him and His economy are below their standard of spiritual development.—*Extract from M. S. book on the Great First Cause, by E. W. Tullidge.*

THE DRAMA OF THE GODS.

What glorious dramas have the Gods perform'd!
What scenes of grandeur in succession come!
What vast machin'ry in the play divine,
With movements full, and wondrous workings-in
Of beauty, order, majesty, and power.
They with the awful, mighty, grand, and vast—
That make the proudest genius kiss the dust,
Shake lofty tyrants on their bloody thrones,
As tho' their limbs were with the palsy struck—
Have wove such silky threads, with minute skill,
And tiny things of microscopic race,
To which the apple of the human eye
Would be as large as unto man the sun,
Which in the zenith of his glory seems
Well-nigh to fill the infinite abyss.
They out of atoms which no mortal scan,
E'en by the aid of art, their bulk can name,
Forge links of chains, of workmanship so fine,
That not the faintest breath that dims the glass,
As life its last expiring effort makes,
But what would cut them into million shreds,
If hung apart to catch its dying wind,
And blow each thread to chaos back again.
But yet immortals weave the wondrous work,
And chain on chain around the nucleus bind:
Thus massive planets grow, and suns are born,
And countless systems walk the trackless path,
While as they move along they swell the strain,
And heaven's blue vault resounds their Maker's praise.
Not like a burlesque of the mimic stage,
Where human actors tread the bounds their hour,
Who echo snatches of the play of life,
And nature's painting imitate with daubs:
The Gods their dramas write in parts that live,
Creative acts, the universe their stage,
The principals are they, the chorus we,
Yea, all their creatures are the fillings-in:
A soul in every scene is looking out;
All seems in motion and with life endow'd.
The seasons pass along, the movements change,
And now the heavens thick mourning robes put on,
And then anon the sun the blackness drives,
As rising from his slumbers of the night
He shoots out brightness at his pitchy foe.
And hoary winter comes and walks his time,
And thickly throws his clammy froth about;
His frosty fingers nip the tender plants,
While busily he links an icy chain,
And sternly seeks to lengthen out his term.
Now sapless age appears with quenchless thirst,
And eagerly he drains the stream of life,
While horrid death close on his footsteps treads,
And clothed in shrouds, the grave brings up the rear.
Then spring comes round with recreating power,
And nature summer paints with wondrous skill,
And lastly she blends her varied hues
Of colors sparkling, delicate, and grand,
And gilds the full-blown corn with brilliant gold.
And as the scen'ries change, great nature sings,
The massive music of the universe
The harmonies swell out in rich artistic parts;
Now burst the mighty thunder from the skies,
The cataracts dash down their crashing notes,
And under ground the earthquakes chorus make,
While warbling birds and mellow-rippling streams,
And million soft-toned voices catch the strain,
And send enchantment on the waving wind.
The play moves on, and startling episodes
Shake nations, thrill the hearts of worlds,
Root up old dynasties and hurl down kings,
Bring forth, and birth unto new empires give,
Society remake, and peasants place
Upon the lofty thrones where monarchs sat:
And when the acts, their perfect series reach,
Up then creation's massive curtains rise,
And on the stage the Gods fresh systems roll.

[*E. W. Tullidge.*

CHANGES IN THE EARTH AND SOLAR SYSTEM.

The earth's duration is great, but finite. Fragments of planets, and meteoric stones, are traces of destructive elements. The moon's motion increases, because the orbit of the earth's eccentricity slowly diminishes. The moon has increased her motion three minutes since Jesus and Pliny saw it.

The eccentricity of the earth's orbit has been diminishing, and the moon has been moving quicker ever since man recorded events. The resisting medium gradually weakens it. Enckie's comet has diminished the time of its revolution thirty hours during sixty years. The movements of the planets are not eternal. The sun and all his planets move one hundred and fifty millions of miles per annum towards Hercules. The Astronomer Royal recently declared that every astronomer who had examined this matter believes that our solar system is moving towards that constellation. Science demonstrates that there is a radiating influence and solar attraction that will ultimately derange the planetary system.

There has been a gradual loss of heat and moisture on this earth for millions of years. Herschell and Arrago have written to prove that the earth is gradually drawing to the sun—that solar heat radiated to the earth is diminishing, and liquids are contracting into solids. Land has been increasing, and seas diminishing, before man recorded events. Moisture has decreased in former seats of greatness. Land now sterile was once watered by meandering rills, and the hum of industry was heard in the now desolate streets. The atmosphere is unhealthy where a thriving population formerly flourished. Lakes have become solidified in Australia, Africa, and Mexico. The solidifying of water will untimately render the earth an unfit habitation for man. Water enters largely

into the formation of rocks and minerals. Our dwellings and utensils absorb much water. Hugh Miller admits that the sea has stood twenty feet higher round our coast. The Black Sea has long been an object of interest in consequence of its continued subsidence. The Dnieper rolls with a smaller volume. The mouth of the Nile is becoming shallower. The coast area of the Baltic is receding. The Niagara is occupying a lower bed. Nature's labratory causes matter to form other structures, but matter neither increases nor diminishes.

Jewels of Thought.

LANGUAGE.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—Fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, together with a scarcity of words; for, whoever is master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready in the mouth. So people come faster out of church where it is almost empty, than where a crowd is at the door.—[*Dean Swift.*

EFFECT OF ELOQUENCE.—Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at anything that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleasing astonishment at such unbounded views; and feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul. —[*Addison.*

ITS USE AND ABUSE.—Reason, Eloquence, and every Art which ever has been studied among mankind may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad men; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished. Give truth and virtue the same arms which you give vice and falsehood.—[*Blair.*

THE TRUE ORATOR.—This certainly is the general rule, that an Orator should not put forth all his strength at the beginning, but should rise and grow upon us as his discourse advances.

He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and then in smoke expire;
But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight.
[*Francis.*

UNCLE JACOB'S BIRTHDAY.

A STORY FOUNDED UPON THE FACTS OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE BASKET OF FRUIT CONVULSED THE GILDER.

Rap, rap, rap, at the wealthy gilder's door, but wealthy Gilder is lost in his rehersal of the Elephant. Rap, rap, rap, and still he is coming out in long metre. Rap, rap, rap, and there are none of the Gilder's gold-leaf boys at home to let in the boy with the basket of fruit.

But what could stand in the way of a Salt Lake urchin determined to carry his points? The boy made his *entree* by leaping in at the open window. The Gilder had just reached a passage in his extravaganza much resembling a prize calf profusely adorned with flying ribbons and rosettes. Here was a capital place for a tableau, and the sprite of one had just leapt in, startling the principal character who run towards the boy, and the boy confused by his novel *entree* and situation, bobbed between the Gilder's legs upsetting him, thus illustrating how a little thing may throw a great man off his "pins."

The tableau being over and the Gilder himself again, the boy presented the basket of fruit, grown upon the bench in the Twentieth Ward, and then came the terrific and virtuous indignation of the wealthy Gilder, in which he imitated the style of his gold-leaf boy extraordinary.

"I eat peaches, apples, plums and grapes from the nasty Benchey?
"Begone, you imp, or from my trunk I'll drench 'ee."

At this the boy went through an elegant hand and nose pantomime, immortalized in old Europe, chased by the Gilder around the room. The boy at last screened himself under the table, from which he peeped in fearful terror; and the wealthy Gilder having recovered breath, continued:

"Revenge! revenge! and this to me, the Elephant-ee,
"Oh! you little imp, jist let me but once get at 'ee.
"Ah! now come down and aid a great man, mighty Jovey,
"Throw down thy thunderbolts jist now, there's a dear old covey,
"Avenge me thus—and thus! Ha! I hit his basket then;
"My palace kivered all over with gold-leaf for my shoes agen."

In an ecstacy of vengeance and virtuous indignation against the basket of fruit, he had taken off his shoes and thrown them at the provoking boy under the table. No one being there to bring him his shoes, the Gilder threw himself upon the floor and gave to his emotions a variety of physical expressions. First, he turned three somersaults, then stood upon his head, next coiled himself like a rope, expressive of writhing horror, and afterwards he put his legs dexterously around his neck as though he would sooth himself with affectionate arms. Just at this nick his gold-leaf boy extraordinary made his *entree*, and the company formed a powerful tableau. The Gilder did the sentimental and went into "highstrikes," and gold-leaf boy extraordinary caught him in his arms with the most striking dramatic effect and extravaganza coloring. Evidently the boy extraordinary had *hamateured* it considerably before. The saucy rascal with the fruit basket leapt upon the window-sill and surveyed the scene. The *tableau* would have been more complete with blue and red lights, but as much of it was *impromtu*, it had to close contented with the spontaneous combustion of a box of lucifer matches.

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE JACOB'S PRESENTIMENT FULFILLED.

Back with us to Uncle Jacob's and reach his house just at the moment the boy with the unfortunate basket of fruit rushed in and threw the company into terrific excitement by the latest and most wonderful news, described in our last chapter. They unanimously declared that it beat all former events of Uncle Jacob's birthdays, but Uncle Jacob's emotions were inexpressible. The company clamored for a great moral speech befitting the occasion. One declared that it was an awfully great opportunity for the most *moralest* of great speeches, and another pronounced the event to be the most miraculousest of miracles he had ever heard of. Uncle Jacob moved by the entreaties of his friends, attempted to get upon his legs to make a speech, but the conversion of the Gilder on his birthday had entirely taken the stiffness out of said legs. After three very much unsuccessful attempts to make a great moral speech like Addison before him, he gave it up, that is to say, he sat down. But his emotions were too volcanic for peace, so gathering up all his remaining strength and fortitude, he staggered under the weight of the blow—the *moral* blow—which he had received, and upset the table in his determination to reach the cupboard. He reached it! He opened it! He took from it a mysterious looking medicine bottle! On this mysterious medicine bottle, was a mysterious label, and on this

mysterious label was written the inscription, "Better Felt than expressed," and this mysterious medicine bottle on which was the mysterious label bearing the mysterious inscription, Uncle Jacob kissed a leetle more ardently than his doctor would have recommended in the feverish state of his brain. The poultice would have been the thing, but Uncle Jacob didn't apply it, and in ten minutes more he was carried to his bed, altogether overcome by the catastrophy on his birthday—stricken down by it like a tender plant. As they carried him to his bed, he, from time to time murmured in broken accents, with such touching and agonizing pathos, that melted his friends to tears:

"I knew! Happen! Something dreadful! My birthday! The Elephant! Conversion! On *my* birthday! Dreadful!"

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE JACOB'S VISION OF BLUE DEVILS.

The next day Uncle Jacob had a vision of a host of little blue devils dancing mockingly before him, whom he declared had unquestionably been made mad at the regeneration of the wealthy Gilder. But Uncle Jacob protested strongly against blue devils making him responsible for such funnily convulsive births of new critters, because they happen on his birth-day. He protested this with burning eloquence so intense from the warmth of its inspiration, that he wound a wet towel around his head and looked the picture of a turbaned Turk. He is quite certain of his philosophy of the cause of his vision of blue devils, and supports his case with this powerful argument:

"If there was more joy over the repentance of that one sinner than over any quantity of just persons in Utah who needed no repentance, would not therefore, all the blue devils on the opposition side be deucedly mad?"

"But goodness gracious!" Uncle Jacob exclaimed—and he turned pale at the thought—"goodness gracious, there is such a tarnation lot of such new critters born around us!"

Thus ends this fearful tragedy.

[Uncle Jacob's future philosophizings on funny things in general, will be presented from time to time.]

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

AMATEURS GUIDE TO THE STAGE.

IMPORTANT TO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATIONS.

With a generosity unequalled, in any times, that we are acquainted with, we are about to lay bare the secret principles upon which fame and distinction can be easily won in the above honorable and lucrative profession. We have discovered these principles (so long secret) in a work under the above title, published some few years back, in England.

Now, we never have been connected with the theatrical world in past times, but we do expect—so new and startling are the ideas which we are about to advance—that ever after the publication of this paper, the eminent and distinguished of the aforesaid world will greet us as brethren. David, we expect, will take us to his heart of hearts. Joseph, we fondly trust, will become perfectly oblivious on the subject of taxes; whilst John T will rise up and call us blessed.

The pamphlet to which we refer is dated 1858, and is entitled the "Amateurs Guide to the Stage, or how to become theatrical." It professes to point out the shortest cut to eminence and distinction in this pleasant profession; describing all the points in love, grief, despair, madness, jealousy, revenge, tyranny, humility and joy, with all the varied phases of villainy or hypocracy likely to occur on the stage.

Here let us say we are not the first who has attempted to bring the invaluable contents of this important publication before the world. The conductor of *All the Year Round* once read this same pamphlet, but being of a delicate constitution, and rather of a nervous turn of mind, he was so horrified by what he supposed to be the sufferings imposed upon actors and actresses, that he immediately published an article calling upon the Lord Chancellor of England to shut up all the theatres!

Not so with us. We know actors and actresses to be a class willing to suffer for the benefit of their fellow creatures. Besides, eminence and distinction are worth some suffering—so we proceed.

At the ninth page of this work the business of the stage is unfolded in one of the divisions entitled, "Making up the Face." And how is the face to be "made up," ask you? On the authority of this pamphlet we reply, that it is the business of every one, on entering the theatre at night, before acting, to wash his or her face, before making up the face any further. Here is a revelation worth a quarters subscription to this paper! Would any of the association have thought this was the direct road to "making up the face" if this pamphlet had never been brought to light? certainly not, and yet this number will come out at the usual price!

And how does our pamphlet go on to make up the face to completion? We shall need a powder-puff, a mixture of carmine and some Chinese vermillion boiled in milk. This must be suffered to dry and then be smeared on the face with a hare's foot. If the characters to be represented has to appear with a moustache and whiskers, hair made of crape has next to be glued—glued to the cheeks and upper lip. If the personage is to be a Moor or a Negro, lard, (no matter the present price) is to be daubed over the actor's face—we suppose the washing is necessary, in some cases, to make the lard stick—and then Spanish brown, or burnt cork, is to be daubed over the lard. Nobody's face is "made up"—let it be widely circulated—till it is washed, powdered, puffed, painted and larded. No wonder actors need applause to sustain them. If we had our face washed, painted, larded, puffed and powdered, and folks wouldn't applaud us, then we'd give up the business in despair.

And how we will unfold the true methods for expressing anger or rage. The writer in *All the Year Round*, says at this point: "Persons who may not have prepared themselves for what is now to come, by reading past disclosures in connection with slaves, and climbing boys, are strongly recommended not to follow any further with the perusal of this article." But, as we are writing to firm minded men and women, we shall proceed. We copy literally:

"Rage, or Anger, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, rant, harshness, and trepidation. The neck is stretched out, the head forward, often nodding, and shaken in a menacing manner against the object of the passion; the eyes alternately staring and rolling, the eyebrows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds; the nostrils stretched wide, and every muscle strained; the breast heaving, and the breath fetched hard; the mouth open, and drawn on each side towards the ears, showing the teeth in a gnashing posture; the feet often stamping; the right arm frequently thrown out and menacing with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body."

Here then the road is clear. Do you want to express rage, stretch out your neck, and nod your head

at the object of your passion. If he can't take a hint, set your eyes staring and rolling at him. Draw down your eyes and wrinkle your forehead into clouds. Should this not bring down the house, and cause them to appreciate the force of your genius, stretch your nostrils wide—breathing hard the while—let your mouth be drawn on each side towards the ears, showing your teeth (if you have any) in a gnashing posture. Stamp your feet, with your clenched fist shaken. Then generally agitate your whole body in a violent manner, and the thing is done.

Is this all that is said by the pamphlet about anger and rage? certainly not; but lest we should raise those elements too naturally on our own heads, we shall change the subject at once to Grief and Despair.

Here we are told: "Grief, sudden and violent, expresses itself by beating the head and forehead, tearing the hair, and catching the breath, as if choking; also by screaming, weeping, stamping, lifting the eyes from time to time to heaven, and hurrying backwards and forwards."

"Despair bends the eyebrows downwards, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes, and sometimes bites the lips and gnashes with the teeth; the heart is supposed to be too much hardened to suffer the tears to flow, yet the eyeballs will be red and inflamed; the head is hung down upon the breast; the arms are bent, at the elbows, the fist clenched hard, and the whole body strained and violently agitated."

If such then is grief and despair, no wonder this is such a sad world. But no matter, in our acting we must be true to nature; therefore, at griefy times, beat your head, tear your hair, catch your breath, and choke a little, (if convenient) scream, weep, and stamp, lift your eyes from Heaven to earth, and hurry backwards and forwards. If your audience don't by this time understand that you are overcome by grief, and weep with you, they are a set of hard hearted Jews, whose opinion is not worth studying.

But if your grief don't melt your audience, your imitation of despair must. Who can resist the picture you will present with your eyes rolling, lip bitten, teeth gnashing, eyeballs red and inflamed, head on your breast, hand clenched, and your whole body generally agitated? If the audience can't see they are looking on a very bad case of despair, despair of them, that's all.

But now, for variation sake, let us take a turn into comedy; let us suppose Mr. McKenzie or Mr. Simmons should want to express their joy upon the stage. How shall they do it according to nature? Hear the oracle.

"Joy is expressed by clapping of the hands, and exulting looks; the eyes are opened wide, and on some occasions, raised to Heaven; the countenance smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated."

This is joy indeed! Yes, dear actor, clap your hands and look exultingly at the drop curtain, smile, "not composedly"—by no means—"but in an aggravated manner" at your audience. Continue this until you perceive your audience are smiling in an "aggravated manner" at you, when you may consider the thing accomplished and go on to something else. So natural a description is this of joy that even your writer, who is by no means an actor, cannot himself help smiling "*in an aggravated manner*" at the paper whilst he writes; but doubtless, the actor delighted with what he has, pants to know how he should render modesty and submission, so, "*aggravating*" as it is, we hurry on. "Modesty or Submission," says the pamphlet, "levels the eyes to the breast or feet of the superior character. In boasting or affected courage, the eyes stare, the eyebrows are drawn down, the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts, and the voice is hollow and thundering."

We see it all! We never could understand, why there is on the stage, so much "levelling" of eyes at the breast and feet of other people. Let the reader take a note. It is all owing to "modesty and submission." The pamphlet says so. And then, as to those friends of ours whose voices, on the stage, are always "hollow and thundering," a point we never could understand, till we came across this passage, inasmuch as we never met the same phenomenon off the stage in our lives—it is clear that they were imitating, on the most perfect principle, "boasted and affected courage," and we never knew it.

Here then, is light for both actor and audience! What a key this pamphlet is to unlock much of the phenomenon of the stage! We shall take a copy of these precious instructions with us in future to any theatre we may visit. But we are not through yet.

We have then to inform all persons whom it may concern, that "the passion of pride stretches the legs to a distance from one another, and takes large and solemn strides." "Remorse, bends the knees." "Hatred, throws out the hands." "Acquitting, waves the hands." "Fear draws back the elbows parallel with the sides." This accounts for the conduct of men, we know, who always keep both elbows parallel with their sides. It is "Fear" that does it. "Denying," we are told, pushes your open right hand from you, and turns your face the contrary way." We should think so, as we always feel like turning our face "the contrary way," very shortly after getting denied. The coincidence, at least, is very striking, and proves the science of the book before us.

Is this all our actor has to learn? certainly not. He has now to master three kinds of modulation. First, "high, loud and quick;" second, "low, loud and quick," and thirdly, "high, loud, and slow;" and when he has accomplished these preliminary vocal gymnastics, he will next proceed to the practice of "pauses of reflection and to pauses of confusion, filled up with hesitative pantings." Having made himself an animated bellows for the sake of his audience, and learned to puff "high, loud and quick," "low, loud and slow," not forgetting, "high, loud and slow," and learned to fill in the whole with pauses of reflection, pauses of confusion, and hesitative pantings, immortality, as an actor, will be ready for him; and his life had better be written out at once, and published in the New York *Ledger*.

Of course, ever after this, we shall claim a prominent place among theatrical "corpses," at home and abroad. But mind, we ask no thanks. A deputation from the association may wait upon us, and request our acceptance of a testimonial and fifty yearly tickets for the "first circle"—not for ourselves of course, but for our poor relations—we say it may be done. We cannot think of refusing anything to the association. But mind, it will be greatly against our will. QUIZ.

Every Sunlight hath its Shade.

Every sunlight hath its shade;
Every heart its cloud of sadness;
Tangled boughs that arch the glade
Hide the sunny smile of gladness;
Were it not that shadows fall,
Heaven would be too bright for all!

Every sunlight hath its shade;
That smile, which oft with winning art
O'er the face deceiving play'd,
Hid beneath a broken heart—
Sparkling eyes full oft illume,
But cannot chase the spirit's gloom!

Every sunlight hath its shade!
Blossoms need the cooling showers;
So, when life, with charms array'd,
Glitters on through golden hours—
That hearts be kept from withering too,
Clouds roll o'er the spirits blue!

[*Looker-On.*